

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE CAPTAIN OF THE SPANISH PIRATE SHIP.

## THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE LAST "SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA."

WHEN the moon rose, and Captain Dobson and his officers were satisfied that the Amazon lay at the mercy of pirates, the female passengers were forthwith made acquainted with the dreadful peril that threatened them. Although some among them fainted and others cried and screamed, and tore their hair in a paroxysm of terror, there were two or three who behaved with the noble courage and firmness so frequently seen among women in the presence of danger, especially in the face

of perils against which effort is vain and resistance useless—when, in fact, the more active heroism of the sterner sex is of no avail.

These latter sought to comfort and support their terrified companions; though it was not easy to calm the fears of others, while their own hearts were sinking with fear. Still they struggled to maintain an outward semblance of hope and courage, and urged the more nervous to take such measures as they could for their own safety, knowing that action itself was some relief at such times of trial.

By the advice of the captain the ladies retired to the

state-rooms and shut themselves in; and there, clinging together for mutual support, they silently supplicated Heaven to protect them and all on board from harm, and to avert the perils that threatened them.

When, therefore, Captain Dobson and the commander of the pirate schooner descended to the cabin, they found it untenanted, save by the steward and his sable subordinates, whose ebony faces had changed to a greyish hue with terror.

The Spanish captain ordered Captain Dobson to produce instantly all the money or specie on board his vessel, whether belonging to himself or his owners, and threatened him with instant death if he refused or hesitated; but perceiving that the captain was ignorant, or pretended to be ignorant, of the Spanish language, he called to the American sailor, whose name was Joel, to descend to the cabin and act as interpreter.

The old seaman repeated the words of his captain, and added some advice of his own.

"And yer'd best dew it tew, right deoun smart, ef yer wantter save yer skin, cap'en. These yere critturs arn't tew be trifled with, I kin tell ye—though," he added in a lower voice, "I'm not one on 'em, by ch'ice. I'm yere jist bekase if I hadn't jined 'em, I should ha' made a hole in the water, es many o' my poor shipmets did."

While the American sailor was speaking, Captain Dobson had brought his writing-desk from his state-room, and taken from it a weighty bag of gold and a roll of bank-notes, the joint property of the owners of the Amazon and himself; but, fancying that his countryman wished to befriend him so far as it lay in his power, he said to the old sailor—

"Joel—if that be your name—I've eight female passengers on board. I'll gladly give up all the money I have, and the passengers shall do the same, if by so doing I can save the ladies from violence or insult, and preserve the vessel and the lives of the crew and passengers."

The old sailor gave a long whistle under his breath, and without looking towards his commander, or even at Captain Dobson, but pretending to admire the gold with which the cabin table was strewn, he muttered—

"That's ork'ard—that is. 'Tell ye what, cap'en. That's on'y won way tew streak eout o' this yere mess. Yer must jist git Cap'en Manual tew gi' ye his word of honour 'es he'll not disturb nowt on board, nor dew yer no parsonal harm whatsomever, purwiden' yer gin up everything he wants to carry away. He'll stick tew what he promises right slick up and deoun straight. It's reel moosical to think heow these chaps sticks tew thar word o' honour, while they're plunderin' yer right afore yer eyes."

"What says he? What are you prating about?" cried the pirate chief, sternly, in Spanish.

The sailor replied in the same language, that the American captain would surrender his gold, and all else on board, if the Señor Capitano would promise to save the lives of the crew and passengers, and protect them from the insult or violence of his own people.

"I have already given my word," replied the Spaniard. "If he fulfil his conditions, so will I fulfil mine."

Joel translated this to Captain Dobson.

"Then tell him," said the captain, "that there are ladies on board, whom I especially wish to preserve from insult."

The pirate chief smiled, as if to say that he saw through Captain Dobson's artifice; but the smile passed away, and, bowing low and placing his hand upon his heart, he replied, "The honour of a true Spaniard, Señor

Capitano, is sacred. Let me pay my respects to the ladies, and assure them myself that they shall suffer from neither insult nor wrong at the hands of my crew, and then let them retire and keep themselves quiet. Let them not be *seen*. You comprehend me, Señor Capitano?"

Sorely against their will the ladies were obliged to come forth from their state-rooms and receive assurance of protection from the pirate chief; though, when some of them, in their affright, were about to give up the various little articles of jewellery they wore, the gallant Spaniard signified, through his interpreter, that they were to retain them. He was too happy to present these trifles to them as a mark of his respect. They then again retired, and shut themselves in, while the pirate chief selected whatsoever he thought proper—which amounted, in fact, to every portable thing of value that the cabin contained—and ordered the spoil to be carried on deck.

The money, clothing, and other valuables belonging to the male passengers, the greater portion of the liquors, and stores of every description, from the "lazarette," and such packages of cargo as could be easily removed from the hold, were piled on deck, and, together with the specie and stores, were passed on board the schooner. Several of the smaller spare spars were selected from the booms. The lighter sails were unbent from aloft, and spare sails and coils of rope and cordage were pillaged from the sail-room, and likewise transferred to the schooner.

All this was done with practised and marvellous celerity; and when at length the pirates had possessed themselves of everything they saw fit to carry away, even to the clothing of the male passengers and sailors, and several of the cooking utensils from the cook's galley, the pirate chief politely bade the captain and passengers farewell, and called upon the former to bear testimony that he had conducted himself as a man of honour and a true Castilian. He then ordered his men to return to the schooner, and, addressing himself to the crew of the ship, through his interpreter, informed them that they were at liberty to proceed on their voyage. Shaking hands with Captain Dobson, he continued:—

"Señor Capitano, I wish you a safe and speedy arrival in port. Be happy that you are not far distant, and accept my profound admiration of the excellent order and fine appearance of your ship. Truly, I was at one time inclined to believe she was a ship of war. Had that been the case, I assure you I should not have ventured to pay my respects to you. No doubt you perceived me reconnoitring under the land? Addio, Señor Capitano, addio!" And with this final farewell he gracefully waved his hand, leaped on board his own vessel, ordered her sails to be hoisted aloft, and sheered away from alongside the plundered ship.

The beautiful schooner bounded swiftly over the smooth water, before the light breeze, and in less than half an hour disappeared from view, under the shadow of the land. So rapidly had her villainous crew performed their task, that when the schooner quitted the ship's side it was yet but one hour past midnight; and now, left to themselves, Captain Dobson and his passengers and crew seemed for the first time to realise their unhappy position.

It was sudden transition from the sense of comfort and security, and from the kindly feeling and innocent hilarity which had prevailed on board the Amazon on this, her last Saturday night at sea, to the vague feelings of doubt and terror which had seized upon all on board when the

alarm was first given. A half hour of cruel suspense had succeeded, and which was followed by the conviction that the ship was at the mercy of a crew of lawless desperadoes. The subsequent boarding of the vessel by the pirates, the scene of plunder that ensued, and the final departure of the schooner, had seemed more like a frightful dream than actual reality. Now, however, they had time to think over what had occurred; and some among the passengers, who had borne themselves bravely during the interval of peril, when the slightest movement, misinterpreted by the pirates, might have changed their plunder to bloodshed and massacre, now gave way to their long pent-up emotions. Some of the ladies, who had set an example of calmness and courage during a period of terrible suspense and dread that must have tried the firmest nerves, now fainted away when they thought of their escape from a fate the very idea of which was horrible to contemplate, and were only with great difficulty satisfied, when they recovered consciousness, that the pirates had departed and left them in safety. The male passengers, too, now found time to mourn over the serious, and, to some among them, the ruinous loss they had sustained; for the buccaneers had not only robbed them of all their portable property, in the shape of money and jewellery, but had robbed them also of all their clothing, with the exception of the garments they wore. Many of them now wickedly (and falsely) regretted that their lives had been spared, and vowed that they had rather have been massacred at once than plundered of all they possessed.

The captain and crew had as much reason to lament the loss of their property as had the passengers; but the former, at least for the time being, had duties to perform and other matters to think of. As has been told, the pirates had plundered the vessel of her lighter sails; even those which had hung from the yards had been cut away from the bolt-ropes and carried off. The lighter canvas and cordage had also been plundered from the sail-room, and no resource was left but to make top-gallant sails and royals from the stout canvas of the courses; and bend them to the yards as speedily as possible, since, in the frequent light breezes that prevail in the tropics, they depended greatly upon the lighter canvas for the prosecution of the remainder of the passage. While, therefore, some of the hands were instantly set to work to perform this indispensable duty, others were sent to examine the condition of the store-rooms and the "lazarette," and to discover whether the greedy marauders had left a sufficiency of provisions and stores on board to last the ship until she should arrive at New Orleans. All this while no one had given a thought to the pumps, until Captain Dobson, suddenly fancying that something was wrong, and that the vessel seemed to float heavily upon the water, called to the carpenter and bade him sound the well, and report the depth of water in the hold.

Presently the carpenter appeared on the quarter-deck, with a face that seemed ghost-like in its pallor beneath the bright moonlight.

"Speak, man. What is it?" cried the captain, startled by the carpenter's look of horror. "What is the depth of water? Have you lost your speech?"

"There are four feet water in the hold, sir!" the terrified man at length gasped forth.

"Four feet water!" exclaimed the captain, wildly. "Impossible! You must be mistaken."

"It is no mistake, sir," replied the carpenter. "I sounded the well twice. I thought I *must* have been mistaken. The water gained three inches between

soundings. The pirates must have scuttled the ship before they left her."

Giving utterance to an exclamation of horror, and with a face as pale as the carpenter's, the captain snatched the line and rod from the man's hands, and, springing to the pumps, sounded the well himself.

There was indeed no mistake. The water had gained during the carpenter's brief absence. There were now nearly five feet of water in the hold!

It would be impossible to describe the alarm and confusion that immediately took place on board the doomed vessel. From lip to lip flew the fearful tidings—

"Five feet water in the hold, and gaining rapidly!"

To set the men to the pump-breaks in such a state of affairs was an act of uselessness; nevertheless, the order was given,

"*All hands to pump ship!*"

With three men to each pump-break, relieved every two minutes from the arduous, desperate labour, for half an hour almost superhuman exertions were made to clear the hold of its fatal load. But all exertions for this purpose were in vain. For a few minutes it was thought that some slight advantage was gained; then the water poured in faster than ever, and the breaks were quitted in despair. The water had gained the mastery before the leaks were discovered; the anchor-holes bored into the ship's sides were beneath the water-line, and all attempts to stop them up were worse than useless. The only question now was how long the vessel would float. Her cargo was light and buoyant—that was one thing to her advantage; and the exertions of the captain, passengers, and crew—for at such a time all worked alike—were now directed solely to the saving of human life. All else was forgotten in the eager clinging to life; the loss of clothing, of property; the lack of provisions to sustain life, if saved—all else was regarded as nought in comparison. Very soon were they who, but a few minutes before, had blasphemously vowed that a frightful death were to them less terrible than the loss of wealth, compelled to give the lie to their vain assertions. These very men were the wildest in their despair when the death they had pretended to wish for stared them in the face.

Aboard the doomed ship there was not one—not the weakest, the poorest amongst them—who would not have cried, something in the style of Gonzola in the "Tempest": "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground—long heath, brown furze, anything. My last hour must come; but I would fain die a dry death!"

Many were the silent prayers that were sent up to heaven; many the bitter anathemas that were hurled at the brutal wretches who, not content with plunder, had, with a pretence of mercy, wantonly and uselessly consigned their fellow-mortals to a horrible, lingering death.

But though many prayed, and some idly and wickedly cursed, according to their nature and their mood, all worked. Even the women in the cabin worked now, and gathered together such articles as they thought would most be needed in the dreary cruise in open boats that lay before them; for the captain, amidst all his trials and troubles, spoke hopefully. He believed the vessel would float until daylight, and the boats were sufficient to carry all on board.

Thus ended the last Saturday night at sea on board the Amazon. Little had the captain thought when, but a few hours before, those words had escaped his lips, that he spoke of the last Saturday night on which the gallant ship that had borne him safely so many times

across the ocean would ever float, and that her timbers were doomed to rot, worm-eaten, beneath the waters of the Mexican Gulf.\*

CHAPTER XX.—THE HURRICANE IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.  
HENRY TALBOT AT ST. DOMINGO INSTEAD OF NEW ORLEANS.

GRADUALLY, though slowly, the doomed ship settled down upon the waters, beneath which she was so soon to be for ever entombed; yet she still floated when the dawn of the fair tropical morning appeared in all its glorious beauty.

Little admiration, however, had the crew and passengers of the ill-fated Amazon to bestow at this anxious moment upon the beauty of the day dawn. The vessel had drifted out of sight of the land during the darkness of the early morning hours, though its position was manifest from the mist which hung over it, and the breeze, which (as usual in the early morning in tropical latitudes) blew off the shore, was redolent with the perfume of fruits and flowers.

Captain Dobson issued his orders calmly and coolly, and by his example inspired the crew and passengers alike with hope and courage. The boats were all lowered alongside, and a certain number of persons apportioned to each boat, and these now descended the side, leaving only those who were to take their places in the pinnace with the captain, on deck.

The rapacious pirates had carried off almost everything in the shape of provisions that they could lay hands upon; and though there were several barrels of beef, pork, and flour—as cargo—in the ship's hold, these were now beneath the water; and even had it been otherwise, there was no time to break bulk, and hoist them on deck from their place of stowage. The quantity of provisions that they were able to collect would have barely sufficed to supply one day's full rations to every soul on board the ship; and though the captain hoped to make the land at some spot where food and assistance might be procured, in less than twenty-four hours, he was well aware that circumstances might arise which would compel the boats to keep at sea for days.

Of water, however, that greatest of necessities in a tropical climate, there was an abundance, and a sufficient number of beakers were filled from the tanks, and placed in each boat, while the scant provisions were fairly apportioned, according to the number of individuals each boat contained.

By the time all this was effected there were unmistakable signs that the ship could not remain afloat much longer. Those who still remained on board (amongst whom was the captain, who remained to the last) now sprung from the deck, and the boats put off, the rowers pulling as quickly as possible from the ship, in order to escape from the possibility of being drawn into the whirlpool she would create when she made the final plunge and sank to the bottom.

They had quitted the ship none too soon. Hardly had they pulled a furlong distant, ere she rolled lazily from side to side, and then made one desperate plunge—throwing her stern high out of the water—and sank

to rise no more. Even at the distance they had gained, they felt the "swirl," and it required all the efforts of the oarsmen to keep the boats from being drawn into it.

Notwithstanding their own distress, there was not an individual on board the boats who did not feel a pang of regret for the fate of the vessel that had borne them over; so many thousands of miles of ocean in safety—a pang of regret almost as keen as they would have felt at the loss of a creature endowed with life. And indeed there is something in the action of a ship, whether she founders at sea or drives on shore, that bears a wondrous resemblance to the struggles of a living creature to escape its doom. She seems to shudder, and draw back, sometimes again and again, as if conscious of the destruction that awaits her, until at length she, as it were, summons up a desperate resolution to make the last fatal plunge—and all is over!

The deep regret of Captain Dobson, however, far exceeded that of the passengers, or even of any of the crew. He was an old man, and had commanded the ship for many years. In safety she had carried him through storm and tempest over many a thousand league of trackless ocean. He had come to regard her as a second home, and to know, and almost to love, every plank and spar on board of her. From the moment when he quitted her side (the last to leave her deck) he kept his gaze fondly fixed upon her, without giving utterance to a word, and when, at last, she sank to rise no more, a deep sigh escaped him. Raising his hat with one hand, and baring his grey head to the breeze, he grasped with the other the hand of Henry Talbot, who was seated next to him, and, his eyes dimmed with tears, and his voice almost choked with emotion, gasped forth, "She's gone—gone for ever. Through no fault of hers, poor thing! She couldn't help it. She would have carried me safely as long as I lived. I might have drawn my last breath on board of her. It was those rascally pirates who caused her loss. Well, well, she is gone; as good a ship, young man, as ever sailed, and—and I loved her dearer than aught besides on earth—except my wife and children."

This was the elegy over the ill-fated Amazon! Now that the ship had foundered, the crew and passengers turned their thoughts towards the shore. A compass had been passed into each boat; but it was soon discovered that the ironwork affected the needles, and rendered the compasses comparatively useless; the captain, therefore, took the lead in the pinnace, and directed the boat-steerers to follow as close as possible.

"The ship has gone," he said, addressing the crew and passengers, after he had issued the above directions; "but sad as that is, shipmates, things might have been worse with us. We might have been cast adrift in the broad Atlantic, a thousand miles from land, where we should have suffered from cold and hunger; and now, please God, though we are scant of provision, we are likely to reach land before we suffer greatly from hunger, even if things come to the worst. So keep a good heart, shipmates, and put your trust in Providence. Somehow or other it happens that we discover that we have most cause to be thankful to Providence after some great trouble has come upon us, and not when everything goes right with us. We have escaped with life from the pirates, and we are not very far from land, and we have plenty of water on board. Let us remember these mercies, and be thankful. We'll keep together if we can, and I shall steer sou-sou-west, as nigh as I can judge, for the west end of Cuba, and I do hope we shall reach the shore before nightfall. If otherwise—if we should get separated—all must do the best they

\* Several years ago, when the present writer was serving on the West India station, a vessel was plundered in the Mexican Gulf, under precisely the circumstances narrated above—even to the final fatal catastrophe. It was, however, believed that the pirate captain had no hand in the wantonly cruel deed which might have consigned the whole of the passengers and crew of the plundered vessel to a watery grave. It was thought that this was the act of the wretches under his command, and that it was perpetrated without his knowledge. Twelve months later the pirate vessel was captured by a Spanish cruiser. Several of the men were condemned to death; but, through some unknown influence, the young captain, who was highly connected in Spain, escaped scot free.

can. And now, shipmates, in case that *should* happen, though I don't think it likely, I'll say good-bye, at any rate, and Heaven bless and protect us all!"

With this, the captain took his seat in the stern-sheets of the pinnace, and led off at about a hundred yards distant from the second boat, the other boats following in line; and for more than an hour, though the land-breeze was against them, all went well, except that, as the sun rose higher in the heavens, all began to feel the heat excessive, and to appeal frequently to the beakers of water.

Already they fancied they could perceive the shadow of the land in the distance, when a change came over the scene. It has been stated that the Gulf of Mexico is subject to frequent calms, but it is also subject to squalls of great violence, which are usually accompanied with torrents of rain, and thunder and lightning, and are sometimes—especially after a long succession of fine, calm weather—of long duration. One of these squalls now came on suddenly. Dark, angry clouds gathered in the western horizon. The land-breeze ceased to blow; but the sea-breeze, by which it is usually succeeded, did not set in. The sun, hitherto bright and dazzling, now appeared of a blood-red hue, as it glared through the lurid sky. The fish that were so lately sporting near the surface of the water disappeared in its depths. The sea-birds sought refuge on the land; and, though not a breath of air was stirring, the sea began to heave with a long rolling swell. The atmosphere became painfully oppressive, and air, sea, and sky alike, gave warning of an approaching desperate conflict of the elements.

Half an hour passed away, during which period, though the sky became completely overcast, and a few raindrops fell at intervals, plashing with startling noise upon the water amid the ominous silence of nature, the air continued calm. Then, without the slightest warning, the heavens appeared to open asunder from the horizon to the meridian, and a vivid flash of lightning darted forth, illumining air, sea, and sky with its fiery glare. This was the precursor of the tempest. It was instantaneously followed by a peal of deafening thunder that seemed to rend the air. A furious squall of wind burst forth, and rain fell in torrents—fell as it falls only within the tropics.

The wind, which rose from the westward, circled round rapidly from one point to another, increasing in force with every change, until it blew with the fury of a hurricane. The sea rose rapidly, and broke continuously over the gunwales of the boats, which were soon separated from each other. In a few minutes it became impossible to see a cable's-length ahead through the rain and drifting spray, while the thunder and lightning were incessant. It required all the efforts of the oarsmen to prevent the boats from broaching to, and the passengers were fully occupied in baling out the water which broke on board.

The pinnace, which contained Captain Dobson, Henry Talbot, and six of the female passengers, was soon left behind, being more deeply laden than the other boats; and from the moment those on board lost sight of their late shipmates, they saw them, never more.

Throughout the day, and far into the night, the hurricane continued with unabated violence. Then the wind began to subside, the rain ceased, and the thunder-storm, which had been blown back upon them again and again by the continuous shifts of wind, passed away. The wind, however, still blew with great force from the very quarter towards which they wished to shape their course, and the sea, which had been, in a measure,

beaten down by the excessive force of the hurricane, now rose higher every minute, and threatened to swamp them. The captain began to fear that they would be blown out into the Atlantic, while, to add to their misery, the salt water had got into the beakers, and rendered their contents nauseous and undrinkable, while their provisions were utterly spoiled by the same cause.

Drenched to the skin, and cramped in every limb, they sat in moody silence, and saw themselves borne irresistibly onwards, farther and farther from any hope of succour.

By noon, however, the wind completely died away, and the sun shone forth and dried their saturated garments. The intense heat now almost prostrated them, and increased the fierce thirst they were unable to allay. Some, urged by hunger, ate of the salt-water-soaked provisions, and still increased their craving thirst, and others, who drank from the beakers, were seized with spasms which caused them to retch violently. The sea soon became smooth as a mirror, and reflected back the fierce heat of the sun, rendering their condition almost unendurable. Some, who had drunk most deeply from the salt water in the beakers, were seized with phrenzy, and tore at themselves and their miserable companions; others threw themselves down at the bottom of the boat, and waited passively for death to relieve their sufferings.

All suffered in a greater or lesser degree from a fierce, maddening thirst, which was increased by the sight of the wide expanse of ocean by which they were surrounded. Like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," they saw—

"Water—water, everywhere, yet not a drop to drink!"

The day, and the long miserable night that followed, at length passed away, and when daylight again dawned, those who were not utterly prostrated, eagerly scanned the horizon, in the hope of seeing a sail or catching a glimpse of land. But they looked in vain—all around stretched the ocean's wide expanse, its glittering surface unchequered by a solitary object. Even those who still preserved their senses, now gave themselves over to despair, and almost hoped that the day would end their misery and their lives.

At length, an hour before mid-day, a low, dark object became visible in the distance. It drew nearer and nearer; and soon it became apparent that it was a small vessel, standing to the southward, and coming towards them, as if it had been especially directed to their relief.

The love of life returned, even to those who had apparently collapsed in the lethargy of despair. The vessel was steering right athwart their course, and must see them, and they watched her as she drew near, with a joy and gratitude that were almost frantic in their expression.

In less than an hour the boat was hailed by one of the vessel's crew. A feeble hail was returned. The pinnace was pulled alongside the larger vessel, and the cramped, enfeebled, almost perishing crew and passengers were lifted from their boat to her deck. She proved to be the Marie, fishing-smack, of St. Louis, St. Domingo, manned by negroes, who, having secured a cargo of fish, were bound homeward.

The negro captain cheerfully gave up his cabin to the rescued crew and passengers, and supplied them, cautiously at first, and then more abundantly, with food and water; and though some suffered severely during the progress of resuscitation, they were all eventually brought round, and before night again set in were tolerably comfortable. Towards the close of the following day the

smack reached port St. Louis, and they were safely landed.

At this period the negroes of the island of St. Domingo (now known as Hayti) had, but comparatively lately, gained their freedom and independence from France, after a bloody and desperate struggle, during which the majority of the French inhabitants of the island were cruelly massacred.

Thus Henry Talbot's voyage to New Orleans ended in his being landed, penniless and destitute, among the semi-barbarised negroes of a revolutionised island of the Antilles.

The negroes, however, behaved kindly to him and his companions, though, in the existing state of affairs, there appeared little prospect of a speedy release from the island.

Of the other three boats, which, together with the pinnacle, quitted the side of the sinking Amazon, two, after their crews had suffered great hardships, reached the shores of Cuba. The third, in which were the two remaining female passengers, was swamped, with all on board, and picked up, bottom upwards, some weeks afterwards by an American trader.

### CHARACTERISTIC LETTERS.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEN I HAVE KNOWN."

If any letters can illustrate the truth of my introductory remarks ("Leisure Hour," p. 142) as to the biographical value of even the briefest notes, the letters of poor Haydon may be quoted in proof. A painter, *peint par lui-même*, never produced a more complete portrait of himself than he has done; not the less striking because of the strokes being unconsciously dashed in, in the spirit of the moment, with no retouching or glazing allowed. Unhappily, they only exhibit, in a stronger light than has been made too well known by previous revelations, the unfortunate fate of a man of eminent talents as an artist—an enthusiast in his art, full of energy, devoted to toil, and persevering to the last, struggling with his lot in vain, under the burden of blighted aspirations, disappointments, and crushed hopes. In all the relations of private life, as far as my testimony goes (I have a grand study of the "Arm of Uriel," inscribed to me within six months of his death, as a "friend of thirty years"), he was as impulsive, fervent, and liberal in the feelings of his heart as he was in the works of his hand. But the letters will speak for themselves.

B. R. HAYDON.

MY DEAREST SIR,—Your praise to-day is a reward for half the toils of my life. It affected us both, my dear Mary and myself.

We have endured more than we shall ever tell; but there is a delight in the spontaneous burst of approbation with which this picture has been received, that is a solace and compensation. You have stood first and foremost, in misfortune and in success. I cannot help feeling peculiarly touched by your kindness, and beg of you as a remembrance to keep the accompanying sketch of a favourite boy for my sake.

It is a mere trifle; but you admired it last year, and it will give us both great, the greatest pleasure, if you do so.

Yours ever, dear Sir,  
B. R. HAYDON.

W. Jerdan, Esq.,  
October 11, 1828.

The fervour of gratitude for very trifling favours, illustrating the generous nature of the man, is demonstrated by the annexed note. Though I have the "Uriel Arm," I regret having lost the sketch here referred to.

London, July 7, 1842.

MY DEAR J.—Will you oblige an old friend by saying "His picture of the Heroine of Saragossa is nearly done;" that it will be one of my very best pictures; that it is to be raffled for; the Dukes of Bedford, Sutherland, Devonshire, Lords Palmerston, Francis Egerton, Earl Spencer, and several of the nobility have taken shares.

I assure you I feel the times, and have had three commissions deferred till next year.

I begin my cartoon in a few days, 13 feet by 10—my new success! though, after being thirty-eight years before the world, after having educated some of the most distinguished artists, it is not quite just to give up six months on the chance of a premium, and fight the battle over again with those I have instructed. However, I suppose "I am born for whatever is arduous," and glory in it. It is my duty and must be done, or after the uproar I have made they will swear I flinched at the day of trial.

I am, dear J—,  
Ever yours,  
B. R. HAYDON.

My next relates to a remark on an "error of the press," as most writers call such things, but which Haydon did not—

London, Nov. 15, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—There is an old proverb, "When you are in the mud the more you stir the more —."

You have demolished my classical repute, which was not very great before; and I deserve it, because it is the first time in my life I ever quoted a passage without dissecting it, and it shows the value of anatomy in everything. My last note made it worse. The amount of my Greek is simply that, by hard work and a Lexicon, I can construe any passage that bears on my point, if I have first hit on it in a translation. Now this passage I took from Emoric David. I made a classical friend copy it from Hippocrates, a friend you know, and except *συμεταγην*, which he separated, and I never looked out, and  $\xi$  for  $\zeta$  in *ρομζω*, the passage stands as he sent it.

I am dreadfully annoyed, not at being found out to be careless and ignorant, but that I must appear assuming a disguise I had no right to, which is really not my character, as you know. It will be a warning to me in future, I assure you, and you have done me a great deal of good. Nothing remains in the mind if neglected. I was head boy at Plympton Grammar School, and read Homer with facility at that time; but the turmoils of my life have left nothing but a dreaming glimpse, which I occasionally revive for the sake of entering into a beautiful passage, but shrink from the classical drudgery of connecting lines, which, however useful etymologically, are disgusting poetically; in such prejudices a language slips from the mind; but then a man should not use it as if he knew it, and here I deserve your rap for my impudence, laziness, and neglect.

If you catch me again napping, cane me; but I'll not stir in future without being backed by both professors at Oxford and Cambridge. As they say in a murder, the truth is out.

I am, dear Sir,  
Ever yours,  
B. R. HAYDON.

At the Egyptian Hall, the exhibition of General Tom Thumb took hundreds of pounds, whilst Haydon's did not pay the rent of the room. He writes:—

London, May 20, 1846.

MY DEAR J.—I found I was losing money every day; so I took advantage of an offer from a "Wonderful Lady" (another show) for the rest of the term, and marched off, bag and baggage, with colours streaming (not flying), drums beating, and three cheers for better luck next time. It is not the first time Tom Thumb has floored a giant! Is that bad? I am hard at work on "Alfred."

Yours always,  
My dear J.,  
B. R. HAYDON.

Alas, for the last example I may give, a short time before his sad death and in a fevered scrawl:—

London, Aug. 21, 1847,  
14, Burwood Place.

MY DEAR J.—In what do you wish me to concede? Would you have me give the lie to a whole life, for some 6 or 7 summers? As to my egotism—R— was an egotist. The Duke is not, nor can Sir Walter.

Why? Because they were so well treated and their motives so appreciated; they are not obliged to make things square, to explain the justice of their own motives, and the injustice of their treatment. I was set upon, *without cause*, and revenged it. I did not begin, and did not know I could write till ill usage drove me to explain.

You should always remember different treatment at beginning would have made me a different man. Few have their best qualities drawn out by oppression.

For all I said I have *proof*—correspondence with all the ministers for twenty-five years.

Eastlake was my first pupil, though *that is denied!!!* though his letters prove it, and he is *but* carrying out my own views.

You remember the Cartoon Exhibition of my pupils, 1829, for you praised it. I do so, when I ought to concede. Let me hear your opinion and have your advice.

I am, dear J—,

Yours ever,

B. R. HAYDON.

ROBERT BELL.

About the same period as Professor Faraday, another long-tried worthy labourer, though in altogether a different line, passed from among his fellows in the fields of literature, and was, as he well deserved to be, honourably eulogised by his brethren of the pen. For he was a man of sound sense and solid literary acquirements, which he diligently employed on works of practical usefulness, independently of several productions of an imaginative nature. In his letters I have striking proof of his antagonism to malignity, and its misleading—for he was a thoroughly straightforward man; but in unison with my design, I prefer offering, though only a slight example of his general kindness of heart, a letter exhibiting his earnest desire to serve his struggling companions in the field of literature:—

MY DEAR J—,—I have read your article on poor Blanchard with deep interest, and cannot deny myself the pleasure of thanking you, as every friend of his ought to do, for the kind and genial spirit in which it is written. The very exhibition of such feelings amongst literary men is calculated to do good—to raise them above the low and miserable jealousies which sometimes creep into all pursuits, and to elevate their position both morally and socially. Your estimate of his character is admirable, and the whole record, full of heart and generosity, is worthy of the writer and his subject.

I have heard nothing more of any movement on behalf of the family, so that I take it for granted the matter is concluded,\* so far as I am concerned, although I could have been of little service in promoting such an object. I must confess my feelings are deeply wounded at not having had an opportunity of testifying in any way my regard for the dear friend who is gone.

May all success wait upon your kindly and useful labour is the sincere wish of,

My dear J—

Yours ever faithfully,

ROBERT BELL.

Manor House, Chiswick, 27th February, 1845.

In his editorial capacity, I hope I may be allowed to add that Robert Bell bestowed conscientious pains-taking on his numerous works, especially his edition of the "British Classics." Historian, biographer, essayist, novelist, dramatist—in all departments of literature he was an industrious, honourable, respectable "man of letters."

DR. MAGINN.

I must make an exception to my theory of portraiture by Letters. So varied a character as William Maginn could not be delineated, even by a collection of his voluminous correspondence. A few glimpses are all we could catch of a man—a humourist, of great wit, extra-

\* Happily not needed.

ordinary learning,\* and a singularly placid disposition. All the sharpness he had lay in his pen. His more estimable qualities were diffused throughout his life, manners, and conversation. To the latter, a slight impediment in his speech, as in that of Elia, often imparted an effect which off-spoken words could not have produced.

Respecting him I can only throw out a few brief touches. As a school-teacher in Cork, young Maginn began his literary career by some anonymous contributions to the "Literary Gazette" (then recently started), and corresponded under the signature of C. O. Crossman. How the anonymer came; to be discontinued is rather an amusing anecdote. A draft on a Cork bank was sent to Cork, payable to Mr. Crossman, but there was no Mr. Crossman to receive it; and the subjoined letter affords a pleasing explanation of the circumstances:—

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Tatam came home by so circuitous a route that your letter of the 17th ult. did not reach me until yesterday.

As he has told you who I am, I suppose he has also informed you of the nature of my avocations, in which case you will not, I think, feel much astonished at the irregular and interrupted nature of my correspondence with you. In fact, I am so completely occupied that I have scarcely time to do anything beside my business. I shall, however, send you a trifle occasionally.

I affected the mysterious, as you call it, on no other account, but that I felt that what I sent was so very trivial, I was unwilling to put a grave-looking signature to my communications. As, however, you have dealt so very frankly with me, and as you desire it, I shall conclude by assuring you, in my real name, that

I am, dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM MAGINN.

11, Marlborough Street, Cork, December 18th, 1821.

Four months previous to this, however, a letter, keeping up the mystery, and still more characteristic of the *alibi* and *alias* humours of the writer (a practice largely indulged in by other contemporary contributors to "the press," as well as by himself), was received, which may be quoted among the incidental literary lights which peep out in such correspondence:—

SIR,—Your letter of the 6th of July came in due course, but I happened to be in England at the time of its arrival. This must serve as an apology for the very long delay in answering it.

I am quite aware of the trouble you must have, and should be very unwilling to increase it. You have quite misunderstood the meaning of my expression "writing in the dark." I intended to say by that phrase that I did not know what would be acceptable, and consequently was very often wasting my time and yours in sending you what would be of no use. I wished to know from you if there were any particular line in which you would direct me; and as I really like your journal very much, I should be happy in doing anything I could to serve you. I shall send you the trifles as usual.

There was no need of sending your name. Who could have told you that my name is different from my signature I know not; but I am acquainted with some wags who I am pretty sure will make use of that signature some time or other, to impose on you.

I send you two songs by a young lady; if worth anything print them.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

P. P. CROSSMAN.

Cork, August 13th 1821.

Engaged in "Blackwood's Magazine," and others in Edinburgh (as afterwards in "Frazer," in London),

\* His knowledge of languages was almost worthy of the Abbé Mia. With the Eastern tongues he was familiar, being already a good classic; and I remember procuring for him, on the spur of some temporary move, all the books necessary for the study of the Swedish.

the "fun" of hoaxing or mystifying had ample play; and, as he played at bowls, he had frequent rubbers. But as only one of them could be understood without a good deal of particular description, I shall conclude with a notice which touched myself, and showed a bit of the temper of my friend:—

DEAR JERDAN,—I have seen the "Literary Gazette" of last Saturday

Do you intend to enlist yourself in the business of libelling me, or copying those who do?

I ask merely for information; because if such be your design, it is a game at which two can play, and I hate being under an obligation to any man which I do not intend to return.

An answer will oblige,

faithfully yours,

WILLIAM MAGINN.

Standard Office, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

Thursday.

Our misunderstanding was of very momentary duration; and I may say that though quite competent to sting, his use of the weapon was seldom waspish, and never ill-natured. No periodical writer has been more misrepresented by pseudo-biographers than William Maginn. His mystifying and hoaxing were good-humoured even when sarcastic, and no undue bitterness entered into his revenges, even when most provoked. His eccentricity was a constant source of pleasantry to friends, and no heinous offence to enemies.

WILLIAM UPCOTT.

I must afford a scrap to my old friend William Upcott, the great prototype of autograph collectors (a pursuit which, since his time, has grown into extraordinary magnitude), and a most vigilant inquisitor into muniment chests and family papers. He and his colleague, Mr. Ilbery, were the sub-librarians under Porson in the City Library, Old Jewry, and eminently deserve a memorial of grateful encomium for their attachment to their principal, and the unwearied care and attention they bestowed upon him, when sorrowfully needed, to the day of his death. Mr. Upcott's letter is, at any rate, a sign of character in the exemplar and promoter of what has become almost a fashionable or popular mania.

102, Upper Street, Islington,  
January 12, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—When I last shook your hand a promise was made to look up some autographs for my old friend Mrs. Hutton, of Birmingham, which, I suspect, you have forgotten. I heard from her to-day to remind you. Do oblige me, and I shall at any time acknowledge the favour by doing what I can to serve you. In a few days I shall send her a packet. Devote half an hour in a rummage—let the produce of the search be left at Mr. Bunn, 10, Agar Street, Strand, who will convey the parcel to,

Dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

WM. UPCOTT.

#### ELEPHANT HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY T. BAINES, F.R.G.S.

THE graphic reports in the newspapers lately, of the Duke of Edinburgh's sport in South Africa, have recalled my own humble experiences on the same field. Some points relating to the elephant in South Africa may interest naturalists as well as sportsmen.

The elephant, once common in South Africa, down to the mountains of the Cape, has since the commencement of the colony been gradually driven backward before the deadly firearms of the European hunters; till—except in a few localities, where it may not be hunted without special permission—it is no longer to be met with in sufficient numbers to repay the cost of a

hunting trip, unless sought farther and farther every year in the interior. The native methods of hunting, whether by pitfall, by the chase of single animals, or even by battue, unless fire is used, seem not much to alarm the survivors; nor would the European, chasing them fairly with horse and rifle, soon drive the elephant from its favourite haunts. But when the hunter can no longer repay the cost of his outfit in this manner, and is obliged to waylay the animals by night at their drinking places, the sense of insecurity comes over them, which in a short time makes them retire to more distant and less persecuted districts.

The hunter, with his waggons equipped for the season's journey, like ships for a long voyage, with oxen numerous enough to supply the place of those killed by the tsetse, or poisonous fly, and as many horses as he can afford, to allow for losses by sickness, or casualties, or exhaustion in the chase, and with, generally, articles of barter, to fill up his cargo by purchase from the natives, reaches the country he has chosen for his hunting ground, and, having secured the friendship of the chief, or the confidence of the scattered natives, who flock readily to his waggons as soon as the object of his journey is made known, commences operations.

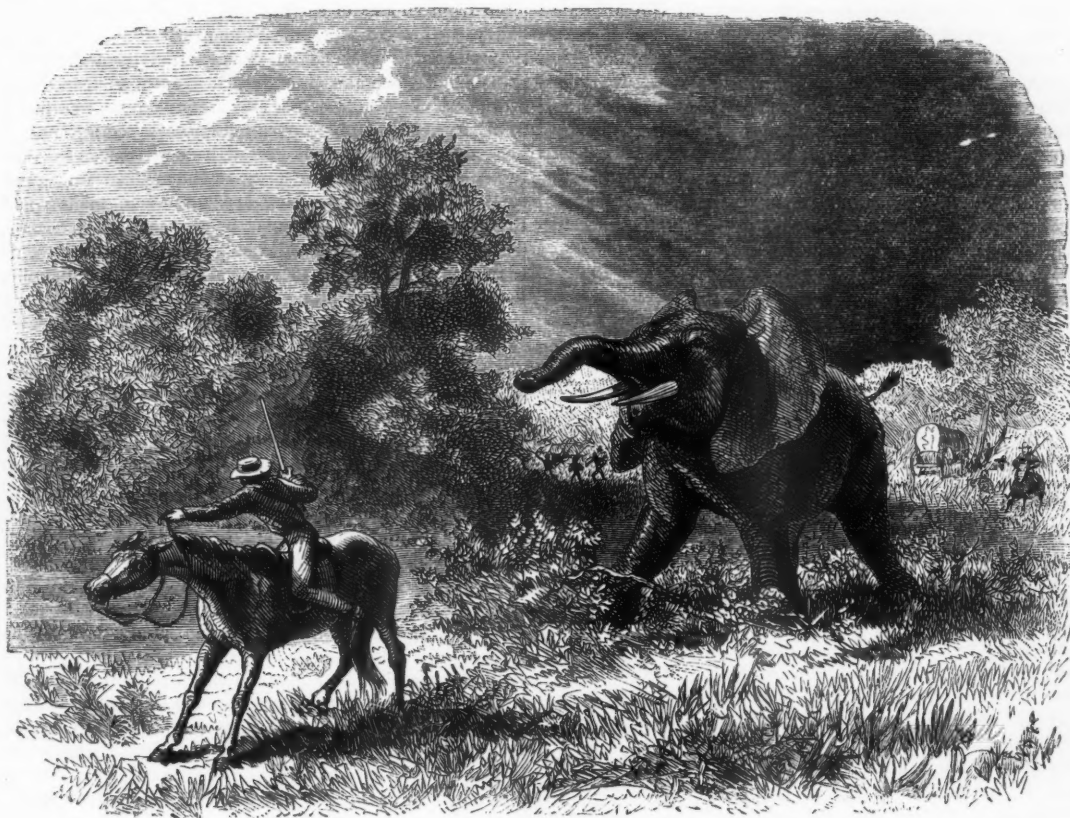
Scouts are sent out on all sides, and reports of spoor, or tracks, or of the most probable localities, are brought to him. Choosing those of the males as bearing the largest ivory, he follows, tracking them patiently for hours, sometimes for days, until he comes up with them and gives chase. The bull with the finest tusks is, if possible, selected, and by persevering efforts chased out and separated from the herd, each horseman, if there be more than one, choosing in turn his own victim, and not interfering with his comrades, unless it may be necessary to give them help.

Sometimes the successful shot is soon obtained. The after part of the lower lobe of the immense ear marks the death-spot, in which, if the ball strikes fairly, it either breaks the bones of the shoulder, or, missing them, passes into the heart or other vital organs. If possible the fire should be delivered when the fore leg of the elephant is thrown forward, as the skin is then more tightly stretched, and the thinner parts behind the shoulder more exposed. An experienced hunter will know at once whether the wound is sufficient to kill or disable the animal. Without loss of time he will chase and kill another, or perhaps a third—as one of my friend McCabe's hunters, Christian Harmse, has, I believe, frequently done—coming back again to take up the spoor and kill the first, if not already dead.

Sometimes the chase is long and arduous, and continues till the tired elephant resorts to the last expedient, of inserting his trunk into his mouth and drawing water from his stomach to refresh himself by throwing it over his skin; when, if the horse be not equally exhausted, his pursuer knows the chase is near its hoped-for termination. Sometimes, instead of fleeing, the elephant turns upon its persecutor, and with shrill and angry scream, uplifted trunk, and wide-extended ears, charges furiously. If the horse be already in motion, the hunter may urge him on yet more swiftly, and escape; but if not, terror may seize him at that dreadful scream, and, paralysed in every limb, he may stand trembling and unable even to make an effort for his safety. Perhaps the rider, throwing himself off, may escape by flight, or he may even shoot the furious animal while it wreaks its vengeance on the helpless steed. Sometimes, before this happens, a daring comrade may ride between him and the elephant. And draw the pursuit upon himself, trusting to the imperilled hunter

to recover the command of his horse, and come as soon as possible to his aid; or there is a chance, although a small one when such fury is excited, that the elephant may swerve and pass to either side.

at times too true; but it may be taken as a general rule that comparatively few animals are killed wastefully by Europeans. The professional hunter shoots for the ivory, and will not, except in cases of need, kill anything



A MOMENT OF PERIL.

Sometimes the hunter has to try the endurance of his horse in fair full flight; and many are the tales I have heard of hair-breadth escapes when the pursuing elephant, determined upon vengeance, has put forth his utmost speed, and the fugitive has at last gained ground enough to dismount and shoot his pursuer as he came up, or was fortunate enough to lead him past a comrade, ready with deliberate aim to bring him down. Sometimes, from loss of horses or the retreat of the herds into the "fly country," they must be followed on foot, and this is weary work. McCabe told me that once he and half-a-dozen friends had followed spoor all day, and had brought down their elephant by a running fusillade. Unable to move another step, the exhausted hunters leaned against the carcase, and thrust their fingers into the bullet holes to ascertain by the size of the orifice whose gun had given the fatal wound. While thus engaged the elephant planted one huge foot upon the earth and raised himself suddenly in their midst. Their activity was restored marvellously. They radiated in all directions, some catching up the guns which they had been too wearied even to reload; only one was ready to fire, when McCabe noticed that the elephant's eyes were closing, and that he was beginning again to sink in death.

Many persons, hearing of the number of animals killed by hunters in Africa, are apt to imagine them guilty of cold-blooded and useless slaughter. This is

but a "tusker," lest the natives who follow him should content themselves with the flesh and neglect to lead him to the animals he seeks. Sometimes he shoots more than they can consume, and finds them too indolent to cut it up and dry it; but more frequently it is a work of labour to keep the supply of meat up to the demand. The remote colonist, or the emigrant Dutch boer of the interior, knows too well the value of ammunition to throw it away wastefully. He goes out to supply his homestead; every animal he is able to shoot is carefully brought home, and the "huisvrow" exults in the prowess of her "man" if she can point to nine or ten "wilde beestes" or "bles boks" hanging in her larder. The true sportsman, who, like Captain Harris and many others, is a naturalist, a geographer, and an artist, has surely an object in view sufficient to justify him in rejoicing in his victory, when, after an arduous chase or exciting conflict, some mighty animal, seen perhaps for the first time, lies prostrate at his feet. Even where the higher qualifications I have named are wanting, the risk incurred is made the pretext to give the chase the character of fair play, and redeem it from the imputation of anything like cold-blooded slaughter. With the wasteful shooting of numbers, for the mere purpose of making a bag, I have no sympathy whatever.

In countries where elephants are less plentiful, low walls of stone are built by the water, or pits, to con-

ceal the hunters; or trenches ten feet long are dug, the middle being covered with stout logs that an elephant may pass over without breaking, and, well concealed by earth thrown over them, the ends are left open. Here the hunters watch or sleep by turn, each with one or more spare rifles lying beside him, till the animals approach to drink; when, from a few yards, or it may be only a few feet of distance, the deadly streak of fire flashes upward from the earth, and the creature falls either upon the spot, or retires to die at a short distance. By these or other modes of hunting, or by purchase from natives who have learned the use of firearms, the cargo of ivory is at length completed, and the hunter turns homeward to realise in Graham's Town, or other frontier markets, or in the Cape itself, the hard-earned reward of his labour.

### SUBMERGED ISLANDS.

OUR readers will remember the sensation caused last November by the announcement that the island of Tortola had been submerged, and the relief experienced when the statement was proved to be incorrect. Tortola—one of the Virgin Islands, a cluster forming part of the West India Group—it was found had not been submerged, but the neighbouring island of St. Thomas had experienced a catastrophe only less disastrous. A fearful hurricane had burst upon the island, sweeping before it every object that lay in its course. Unhappily, such an occurrence was by no means unprecedented: The little island (until recently a Danish possession, but now American) had before been similarly devastated. The year 1837 is still memorable in the history of its calamities. Then, as recently, ruined dwellings overspread the land, and shattered vessels covered the neighbouring seas.

Those who have paid some attention to the influence at work on and beneath the surface of the globe, would feel but a qualified degree of surprise at the first announcement of the supposed submergence. Geology has done much to invert our notions of the relative stability of sea and land. The "ever-changing ocean" has been found to preserve a nearly uniform level;\* while in relation to the land, which we are so accustomed to regard as the very type of fixity, the poet's words are amply verified—

"New worlds are still emerging from the deep,  
The old descending, in their turn to rise."

When movements of the earth's crust are spoken of, the majority of persons immediately think of earthquakes. But these terrific phenomena form but one class of terrestrial fluctuations, although the suddenness of their action renders them more conspicuous and impressive than agencies which are slow and gradual in their operation. They are closely connected with the phenomena of volcanoes. The latter may be defined as openings in the earth's crust, through which the products of igneous action make their escape into the atmosphere. As Strabo sagaciously remarked, eighteen centuries ago, they act as safety-valves for the gaseous and liquid emanations of the interior, and thus tend to diminish the violence of those convulsions which even now bury in ruins the proudest works of man, and carry the solid "earth into the midst of the sea."

Some two hundred volcanic vents have been observed in different parts of the world, but they are by no means uniformly distributed. Numerous regions have been mapped out by geologists as areas of volcanic action.

\* Hugh Miller has shown that the sea-level is not absolutely unchanging, as some geologists have asserted.

The region of the West Indies is one of these areas, many of the islands being themselves the products of volcanic upheavals in past ages. A volcano in St. Vincent's poured out ashes and lava early in the present century; and Jamaica and St. Domingo have often suffered from shocks of earthquake. Scarcely three weeks had passed since the hurricane at St. Thomas's, when that shattered little island was visited by a sharp but transient earthquake, thus described by a correspondent of the "Times" newspaper:—"A faint roar was heard from seaward. Houses groaned and creaked; the earth heaved, and reeled, and danced beneath us, so that we could scarcely keep our feet. I have been in several earthquakes, but never felt one of greater intensity; and the inhabitants of St. Thomas, as well as of other islands, declare that they never felt one nearly so severe." This occurred on the 18th of November last; but, happily, the actual amount of damage done was comparatively slight.

That an earthquake should have followed so rapidly upon a hurricane, seems to support the view enunciated by some geologists, including no less an authority than Sir Charles Lyell. "Many of the storms termed hurricanes," he observes, "have evidently been connected with submarine earthquakes, as is shown by the atmospheric phenomena attendant on them, and by the sounds heard in the ground and the odours emitted. Such were the circumstances which accompanied the swell of the sea in Jamaica in 1780, when a great wave desolated the western coast, and, bursting upon Savanna la Mar, swept away the whole town in an instant, so that not a vestige of man, beast, or habitation, was seen upon the surface."

It has occasionally happened that one of the results of an earthquake has been permanently to alter the level of the district in which it has operated. After the great earthquake which visited the coast of South America in 1822, a portion of Chili was found to have been upheaved to a height of from three to seven feet. Reckoning the area of elevation at 100,000 square miles, Sir C. Lyell computes that this convulsion gave to the land an addition of fifty-seven cubic miles of rock. In 1837 the shore near Valdivia, more to the south, was elevated to an extent of eight feet. In February, 1835, Concepcion, another Chilean town, was thrown down, and the island of Santa Maria, distant twenty-five miles, was raised some nine feet. At Talcahuano the coast was raised about four feet in February, but appears to have subsided again to half that extent by the month of April.

In 1819 a large district at the mouth of the Indus experienced an extensive oscillation. One of the estuaries of the river was deepened in parts some ten or twelve feet. A tract of country, 2,000 square miles in extent, sank down, and the sea rushing in, it speedily became a vast lagoon. At the same time a neighbouring plain rose about ten feet, converting a long strip of level ground into an artificial mound fifty miles in length, and in some parts sixteen in breadth. A further subsidence afterwards took place in the year 1845.

It will be seen that phenomena of this kind, further illustrations of which might readily be adduced, are adequate to the production of extensive and terrible convulsions. Tortola happily was not submerged; but several authentic instances of the appearance and subsequent disappearance of islands in mid-ocean are on record. Volcanic eruptions and earthquake movements occur at sea as well as on land, and occasionally a submarine Etna or Vesuvius is seen to rise amid the watery waste, and rear its rocky crest, canopied with fire and smoke, above the surface.

To take an example not far from our own country:—Iceland is well known as a region of volcanic disturbance. In its neighbourhood a volcano burst forth in the year 1783, and produced an island bordered by high cliffs, while smoke and cinders were emitted from the interior. It was claimed by the Danish monarch, and dubbed Nyöe, or the New Island; but the sea reclaimed Nyöe, so that nothing remains but a reef of rocks some fathoms below the surface. Another small island was upheaved in the year 1830.

A volcanic cone appeared in 1811 near to the island of St. Michael's, one of the Azores, and gradually rose to the height of 300 feet; but it was in a short time washed away by the action of the waves.

A more noticeable instance is that of Graham's Island, thrown up in 1831 at a point in the Mediterranean some thirty miles from Sicily, and therefore within another well-known volcanic region. It seems to have risen gradually to a height of 200 feet, with a circumference of three miles. This was its maximum size; it then began to yield to aqueous action, and by the end of the year but a slight vestige remained above the sea-level. In a short time this also disappeared. Many islands, which are to us as permanent as the surrounding continents, exemplify the same structure, and point to the same mode of formation as the more transitory ones just alluded to. The Lipari Isles, north of Sicily, are of volcanic origin, and one of them, Stromboli, is still in a state of eruption, and has been so for ages; another volcano now emits only sulphureous vapours. This group was regarded in ancient fable as the abode of winds and tempests; and is celebrated by Virgil, at the opening of the "*Æneid*," as "the restless regions of the storm:—

"Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,  
The tyrant *Æolus*, from his airy throne,  
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,  
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds."

Barren Island, in the Bay of Bengal, and St. Paul's, in the Indian Ocean, exhibit a similar conformation.

Changes of level of a much more gradual kind than those which have now been detailed are in progress in some parts of Europe. The shores of the Baltic, it would seem, are undergoing a slow process of upheaval, while the western coast of Greenland is sinking; and doubtless, if observations were multiplied, these imperceptible movements would be found much more general than we might at first be inclined to suppose. These phenomena, at all events, form part of the great series of conservative and reparative agencies by which new land is continually being won from the ocean, and the balance of terrestrial nature maintained. Thus regarded, we gain an insight into the place and power of the earthquake and the volcano, and are able intelligently to recognise them as contributing to the "general good," though "partial evil" is incident to their operation.

#### SKATING IN HALIFAX, N.S.

DURING my short stay in Halifax, Nova Scotia, it was my good fortune to witness several very curious and certainly extraordinary sights. In January, 1859, we had, as usual, some very severe frost, but accompanied with heavy falls of snow, succeeded by rapid thaws and heavy rains. The wind afterwards shifted to the north, and then fell to a dead calm. The thermometers fell rapidly, until in the city they registered five degrees below zero, and in the citadel as low as fifteen degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The result of this alternation of

snow, thaw, rain, and frost was, that the harbour was completely frozen from the head of Bedford Basin to George's Island, a distance of about twelve miles. Twice was the harbour frozen, and on the second occasion the ice was formed as smooth as a looking-glass.

For the information of those unacquainted with Halifax Harbour, I had better state that it is about twenty-five miles in length, with a depth varying from five to sixty fathoms; it contains several large and valuable islands, and altogether ranks as one of the finest havens in the world; the rise and fall of the tide never exceeds six feet, and averages from three to four feet only. The city stands on a peninsula formed by the north-west arm and the harbour itself. George's Island lies at the end of this peninsula, and commands the whole harbour, southward from the city, being surmounted by a small but formidable battery. From this little island to the Narrows is about three miles; at the Narrows the waters are suddenly contracted from 1,500 to 200 yards, and then again suddenly expand into the basin—a truly magnificent sheet of water, being nine miles long and eight miles wide. At the time of which I write, the whole of this vast sheet of water was frozen to a depth of six feet, and from the Narrows to George's Island to four and a half inches; the latter, as I have before stated, was frozen as smooth as ice could possibly be.

On a Wednesday morning the large ferry steamer plying between Halifax and Dartmouth was compelled to stop on account of the extreme frost, for the ice closed up behind her as she passed along. At eleven she stopped running, and at twelve I crossed her track, so rapidly had the water frozen.

All Halifax was out on the ice, on foot or skates, or in little sleighs or sledges, or "coasters," as they are termed by the natives. The sight was a magnificent one: this huge sheet of ice, with thousands of people running, walking, or skating; ladies being dragged about on their little sleighs; and all life, motion, and gaiety; a bright sun overhead, the ice smooth, black, and starred with innumerable crystals; the dark-green fir-trees fringing the banks, and on the western side the city with its churches, steeples, and citadel: altogether it was a spectacle which once seen could never be forgotten.

One old gentleman told me that he had seen the harbour frozen two or three times, but never smooth enough for skating. Necessarily, the freezing of so large a surface of salt water must be of very rare occurrence.

At this time a great trotting-match was got up and held on the basin. There were twenty-four horses and sleighs entered for the match, each sleigh drawn by one horse only. It was certainly a singular spectacle to see a sleigh-race on the very spot that one was accustomed to sail over in the summer: the horses, with their jingling harness and gaudy trappings; the drivers, each with his distinguishing colour; crowds of gaily-dressed ladies and talkative gentlemen; sounds of merriment on all sides mingling with those of the sleigh bells.

It may seem strange that ice formed on salt water is much stronger and tougher than that which is formed on fresh water; that is, taking the same thickness of ice in both cases. I remember on that Wednesday morning, I and about a dozen of my friends were all standing together on the ice, chatting about the beauty of the weather and the fine skating, when one of the party suggested that we should try the thickness of the ice; we bored a hole, and found that it was only one inch and a third. On making this discovery we separated with as much alacrity as possible, each man skating in a different direction. A man may skate over fresh-water ice of only one inch thickness, but it will not support

him if he stops; he will then inevitably get a "ducking." The ice in the harbour did not last long, but soon became spotted with ice-swamps; that is to say, became in places soft and spongy, rendering it somewhat dangerous to skate upon. This liability to decay with age is the great defect of salt-water ice; for whereas fresh-water ice becomes thicker and stronger with every day's frost, salt-water ice, after five or six days of frost, becomes soft, muddy, and spongy.

Before the harbour ice broke up I had the pleasure of witnessing rather a novel spectacle from its glittering surface. The mail steamer arrived from England; we were sitting by the fire when we heard the signal guns. Down we ran, and on to the ice, to see her come up. There was a full moon, a cloudless sky, and the great black hull of the Cunard boat loomed blacker and huger than ever in the moonlight, as she forced her way up the harbour, the ice curling up her bows like spray, lights gleaming from masthead, paddle-box and saloon. All the wharves were crowded with spectators, who, like ourselves, had come down to see how the mail-boat would get on in four and a half inches of ice; she did not seem to mind it much after she first struck, but steamed up at about four miles per hour. One of the passengers told me that when she first encountered the ice she stopped dead; they feared she had gone on shore when she began to crash and pound up the ice with her paddles; all below thought that it was thundering, and ran up on deck to see what was the matter. The following day she went on her way to Boston. She had come in on the western side of George's Island, she went out on the eastern side, thereby making as wide a sweep as possible, and so cutting up the ice and clearing the harbour.

When skating was no longer practicable in the harbour we adjourned to the lakes on the Dartmouth shore. These lakes are very beautiful in the winter; the contrast between the dark-green fir trees fringing their banks, and the white gleaming snow, was very striking. On these lakes one could, if so disposed, skate for forty miles, with the slight difficulty of having to go on shore and walk at the junctions of the different lakes, where, the current being rapid, the water does not usually freeze; but during this winter even these little straits were frozen hard and fast. The Haligonian winter is supposed to be entirely over by St. Patrick's Day (the 17th of March), though, when I left on the 24th, there was still a foot of snow on the ground. But then the winter of 58-59 was an exceptional one in the annals of Haligonian, not only for its rigour but for its variety.

#### A WORD ON THE EAST WIND.

THERE was a time with most of us when we neither knew nor cared from what quarter the wind blew—when we had not the remotest conception that the direction of the air-currents could concern us at all. Those were the days of childhood's happy ignorance; when we knew nothing of the contents of the human thorax beyond what others chose to tell us; when lungs, and liver and heart, were things we sometimes heard mentioned, but did not trouble our heads about, having very vague notions of their existence; when the stomach was only known by its cravings, and the nerves were a mystery intelligible only to elderly people. A blissful state of things that, more permanent, it would appear, among our ancestors than with the average of mortals now-a-days. The first practical idea about the east wind that a young fellow gets hold of is that it is good for

sliding and skating, because it locks up the canals and streams, and covers the ponds and ornamental waters with practicable ice. We can well recall the eagerness and the profound interest with which we used to watch the weather-cock on the church tower in our skating days, and the mortification, not to say disgust, with which we saw the brazen indicator veer spitefully southwards.

As we grow older we grow more conscious of the mysterious machinery within us, and the atmospheric conditions without us, and of the marvellous and ominous sympathy there is between the two. But if we are in average health it is long before we begin to quarrel with the east wind. For a time we love to face it, and even take it to our embrace, feeling that it is a mighty breath, strong to build up the stalwart frame and renew the energies of youth. We revel in it, and, rejoicing in the freshness it brings, and the vigour it imparts, can repeat with pleasure Mr. Kingsley's rhapsody in praise of the east wind.

But by-and-by we find it rather too much for us—just a *leelle* too boisterous and rude; and though we hardly confess to that much, we catch ourselves shirking its proffered embrace, shunting ourselves to the lee side of available shelter when it blows hard, and buttoning up to the chin when it must needs be encountered. Still, we *can* encounter it, and get the better of it too, in a brisk walk or a gay canter along the open downs; and we do so occasionally, perhaps pluming ourselves on our hardiness. But it may happen that we do it once too often, or without sufficient care, and then the east wind gets a grip of our breathing apparatus, and shows that he is master, by consigning us to the bed or the easy chair, to a slop diet and teetotalism—to the hot mustard "foots." When a man, verging, say upon the fifth age of Shakespeare, has had one or two experiences of this kind, it is truly marvellous to note how learned he becomes upon the subject of the east wind. There is not the slightest occasion for *him* to look at the weather-cock for information; he has an index within him—a sort of weather-gauge—that tells him when it is coming, as sure as a gun; he scents it afar, even while sitting by his fire-side; can tell of its advent twenty, thirty, forty hours before its arrival; he will wake up in the night and say to his wife, "The wind is getting into the east," and, turning under the blankets, go to sleep again to dream of it and the plagues it may bring with it. He does not indorse the poet's invocation—

"Hail to thee, north-easter!"

Rather he dreads its approach, and only hopes to have done with it as soon as possible.

Here in London the east wind brings with it a characteristic shoal of phenomena more varied than agreeable. First, there are the swarms of ragged beggars dodging the police at every corner, and whining at you for coppers; or, in the guise of street traders, thrusting a box of lucifers in your face, and shiveringly begging for custom. Impostors, of course, you will say; and yet there is reality enough in their trembling frames, their half-clad limbs, their "looped and windowed raggedness," and the famine that gleams in their sunken eyes; for the east wind, that "whets the hunger of the pike," has whetted theirs; the fresh air, which is so good to raise an appetite, has raised theirs to the raging point, and they want the means of assuaging it. Then there are the frozen-out workers of various classes—the gardeners, with their symbolic vegetables borne aloft—the builders' labourers—the mudlarks, tide-waiters, and watermen of the Thames—on each and all of whom the east wind has laid an embargo, delivering them over for a time to the tender mercies of the public.

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Now it is that the doctors are so busy, tearing about day and night in their broughams, or diving on foot into the back streets and slums, and doing battle with grim death in hand-to-hand combat. Now is business brisk and flourishing among the undertakers; for then

suffered even more in proportion, whole acres of tender plants and shrubs being destroyed in a single night, and that in many districts, the entire loss exceeding in amount, it was calculated, a million sterling.

The effect of a long-continued east wind upon our



MARCH WINDS IN TOWN.

the plumed hearse nods, and the black horses paw and prance along the hard roads to a profitable tune. How flourishing and how profitable is the sepulchral vocation, you may easily infer by examining the weekly reports of the Registrar-General, published in the newspapers. There you may chance to see that the weekly mortality, the average of which, in ordinary times, is something between eleven and twelve hundred, goes up, under the dominion of the east wind, in winter, to sixteen, seventeen, eighteen hundred; and if that dominion is prolonged, as it sometimes is, for months together, the death-rate may rise above two thousand a week, as it has done occasionally of late years. For do not asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, and a whole alphabet of diseases come along with the east wind, and shear away the threads of life, and fill our grave-yards with the forms we loved, and our homes with mourning?

Terrible at some seasons is the effect of the east wind on the springing vegetation. Cider-makers will tell you of years in which an easterly blast of only a few hours' duration has swept off the apple-blossoms of an entire county, extinguishing all possibility of a crop. In the spring of last year the crop, both of apples and pears, was all but annihilated through whole districts in central and southern England. By the same visitation, the nurserymen and horticulturists

shipping is most deplorable. Independent of wrecks, which, if the weather is stormy, are sure to be numerous on our eastern coast, there is the accumulation of sailing vessels at the entrance of the English Channel, which, not being able to advance against a head wind, have to beat about from day to day, from week to week, and it may be from month to month, waiting for a change of wind which may enable them to run for their several ports. It is quite impossible for any man who has not gone through it to imagine the dreary depressing misery of this situation when it is greatly prolonged. There is the tantalising proximity of home, which you are unable to approach, though you may perhaps catch sight of it looming as a grey line in the far-distant horizon. By-and-by there comes a failure in the stock of provisions, and, worse still, in the stock of water, and you are put on short allowance just at the very time when, from the provoking sharpness of the weather, you want double rations. Then it may, and it probably will, come on to blow hard, and you have to run before the wind in the direction you don't want to go, and make for the offing, even though starvation be staring you in the face. It has happened, doubtless, ere now that many a good ship has gone down with all on board in this struggle against the head wind that shut her out from home; and we know that steamers despatched with water and

provisions to the relief of others have found their crews and passengers reduced almost to the last extremity by famine. It is a most gratifying sight, when the wind changes, to stand on some bold cliff to watch the cloud of canvas coming up from the western horizon, and to know that the thousands of brave enduring hearts who have so long done hard battle with the elements shall speedily find rest in the desired homes.

Of course the east wind, like everything else in nature, has its good and benevolent uses. Some of these we have hinted at already, and we are fully aware of the existence of others. We know that it is a wonderful agent in purification; that it is a wholesale destroyer of the insect pests infecting vegetation; and that, by locking up the land in the grasp of frost for a time, it renders it far more fruitful when the thaw comes, and helps to make that "March dust" which is "worth its weight in gold." We gladly accept all these, and other like commendable qualities which need not be mentioned here, as so many compensations.

But, my dear, I am feeling the old premonitory twinge among my corns; I do really think the wind is again getting round to the east. Just see about my lambs-wool hose, will you, and air me a woollen shirt; and, do you hear? look up my bear-skin overcoat, which stood me in such good stead last winter.

### ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBBET'S HOUSE OF COMMONS," ETC.

#### II.

SCOTTISH Heraldry is particularly rich in historic interest. From the numerous anecdotes extant, concerning the origin of the grants of arms and armorial insignia, we select the following for the romantic incidents.

Early in the fifteenth century, as a husbandman, named Howison, and his son were returning from work with their flails, in the neighbourhood of Cramond Bridge, they observed some robbers attack a gentleman who was riding upon horseback, and whose social position was evidently one of high rank. The yeomen, seeing that the cavalier was being mercilessly treated, bravely tried to rescue him, and, although the assailants were numerically stronger, they succumbed to the vigorous blows they received from the Howisons' flails. The victim was much injured, and several wounds bled profusely. These the elder rescuer endeavoured to staunch, while the younger one ran home to procure a basin of water and a towel. On his return he bathed the injured parts, and subsequently held the basin while the stranger washed his hands. These services being rendered, the horseman announced to his astonished friends that he was King James I (of Scotland), and had met with his misadventure in consequence of having strayed from his suite while on a hunting excursion. His Majesty expressed his gratitude to the Howisons in no measured terms, and, for the services they had rendered to him, he granted them the estate of Braehead by special charter, conditionally, that it should be held "servitium lavacri," a service that has upon several occasions been rendered to royalty by their descendants. And so recently as 1822, William Howison Craufurd, Esq., the then owner of Braehead, at a banquet given by the magistrates of Edinburgh to King George IV, presented to his Majesty a basin of water and a napkin, to enable the royal guest to wash his hands did he feel so disposed. In 1450 the grandson of the elder Howison, who was a burghess of Edinburgh, received a grant of arms, and, in commemoration of the bravery of his an-

cestors, supporters were also given, viz.:—two husbandmen clothed in blue, wearing the dress of the time, having bonnets on their heads, and being girt round the waists with belts, the dexter one having over his shoulder a flail proper, and the sinister one holding a basin and a napkin.

The above is not the only instance recorded of grants of arms being given for assistance rendered to Scottish monarchs on the hunting field. Apropos of this, the present Sir David Baird, Bart., bears as a portion of his arms a boar passant, and as one of his crests a boar's head erased, in commemoration of a service rendered by an ancestor, Baird of Auchmeddan, to William the Lion. It is related that this monarch, while hunting in a south-west county, wandered from his attendants, and, being much alarmed at the approach of a wild boar, called loudly for assistance. A gentleman named Baird, who had followed the king, arrived most opportunely, and, after a desperate struggle with the boar, succeeded in killing it. His Majesty showed his gratitude to his brave follower by conferring upon him a large grant of land, and the commemorative arms previously described.

The Cunninghames bear as their arms a shake fork sable, with the motto "Over fork over." The tradition respecting the origin of these is, that one Malcolm, the son of Friskin, assisted Malcolm, Prince of Scotland, afterwards Malcolm Canmore, to escape from Macbeth. Being hotly pursued, the Prince took shelter in a barn where Malcolm was at work. The royal fugitive having explained his danger, the husbandman proffered his aid, and, by forking hay or straw over him, effectually concealed him from the troops of Macbeth. On being subsequently awarded by the Prince the thanedom of Cunninghame, Malcolm took as his name that of the estate, and assumed as his arms a shake fork. The chief line of this ancient family was subsequently represented by the Earls of Glencairn, the fifteenth and last of whom was the friend and patron of Robert Burns, who added increased lustre to the race in his beautiful poem the "Lament."

The Gordon family, represented by the Earl of Aberdeen, bear as a crest two naked arms holding a bow and drawing an arrow, in memory of their supposed ancestor Bertrand de Gourdon, who is said to have shot Richard Cœur de Lion while besieging his castle of Chalons, near Limoges, A.D. 1199.

The crest of the Grants of that ilk and Freuchie, is a burning hill, and their motto "Stand fast." The hill in question is that of Craigelachie, or the mountain of the cry of distress, situated opposite Rothiemurchus, in Scotland, and the fire refers to the fire that was lighted there when the chief wished to call the whole of his clan together in Strathspey, the seat of the Grants in Morayshire. The motto of the laird was "Stand fast," and the inferior chieftains re-echoed it to their troops as "Stand firm," "Stand sure," or in kindred phraseology. While alluding to the Grant family, we may mention the motto of "Jehovah jireh" (the Lord will regard it), borne by the present Sir Archibald Grant, Baronet, as being the only instance of a Hebrew motto existing in Scottish heraldry. The recipient of it was Sir Francis Grant, an eminent lawyer, better known as Lord Cullen, a senator of the College of Justice, and a hearty advocate of the Scotch Union.

Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, Baronet, bears as one of his crests two arms erect, issuing from clouds, in the act of removing a human skull from a spike, while above the skull is a marquess's coronet between two laurel branches. This peculiar ensign represents the removal of the head of James Graham, the gallant Marquess of

Montrose, from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, where it had been placed after his execution, on May 21st, 1650, an act that was performed by a maternal ancestor of the present baronet.

The motto "Grip fast," of the Leslies, the head of whom is the Countess of Rothes, is generally said to have had its origin in an incident that occurred to the founder of the family, who saved Queen Magarite of Scotland from drowning, by seizing hold of her girdle when she was thrown from her horse while crossing a swollen river. She cried out, "Grip fast!" and afterwards desired that her words might be retained as her preserver's motto. A somewhat different interpretation is, however, preserved in the Leslie family, in a book printed "for private use" by Colonel Charles Leslie, K.H., who styled himself "twenty-sixth baron of Balquhain." In this volume it is stated that the founder of the family was Bartholomew, a noble Hungarian, who came to Scotland with Queen Magarite, A.D. 1067. He was much esteemed by King Malcolm Caenmore, whose sister he married. In his capacity of chamberlain to Queen Magarite it was his duty to accompany her Majesty in her journeys, and, as there were no carriages in those days, she rode behind him, upon horseback, upon a pillion. On one occasion, while fording a stream, the Queen slipped and nearly fell off, whereon Bartholomew cried out, "Grip fast," and to which her Majesty replied, "Gin the buckle bide," there being only one buckle to the belt by which she held on. After this his exclamation was given as the family motto, and two more buckles were added to the belt of the pillion, and also to the charge upon Bartholomew's arms, which had heretofore consisted only of one buckle on a band.

After the death of King Robert the Bruce, in 1329, a distinguished member of the Locard family, Sir Simon Locard, of Lee, accompanied Sir James de Douglas to the Holy Land on a special mission to inter there the heart of the deceased monarch. After their return, Sir James de Douglas assumed as his arms a human heart, ensigned with an imperial crown—a charge that is still borne by the families of the Dukes of Hamilton and Buccleuch, etc. Sir Simon Locard also assumed as his arms a human heart within a fetter-lock, and changed his name to Lockheart, in which manner his descendants spelled it until within a comparatively few years ago, when the orthography was changed to Lockhart.

In the case of the Homes of Ninewells, Berwickshire, is found an instance of a charge in the arms having originated in the name of the family estate, whereon there exist nine natural springs. The arms in question are a lion rampant within a bordure, on which are displayed nine fountains, or wells.

The partially broken-down dyke, or wall, borne as a charge in the arms of the Grahams of Inchbrakie, refers to the destruction, by an ancestor, of part of the wall and ditch made by the Romans between the Forth and the Clyde, to keep out the Scots, and the locality of which is, even to the present day, styled "Graham's Dyke."

"Quæ amissa salva" (What was lost is safe), the motto of the Earl of Kintore, refers to the preservation of the regalia of Scotland by Sir John Keith, the first Earl; who, during the usurpation of Cromwell, buried them in the church of Keneff, and pretended to have carried them to France, in consequence of which all search for them ceased.

The mottoes of the different branches of the Campbell family are, for the most part, very similar. The motto of the armorial bearings of the senior branch is "Follow me;" a significant one, that was assumed by Sir Colin Campbell, laird of Glenorchy; and Knight

Templar of Rhodes. Several cadets of the family assumed mottoes analogous to that of this chivalrous knight. Thus when the chief called "Follow me," he met with a ready answer from Campbell of Glenfalloch, a son of Glenorchy, who replied, "Thus far," that is, to his heart's blood, which he illustrated by assuming as his crest a dagger piercing a heart. He of Achline responded "With heart and hand," and he of Achallader "With courage;" and while Campbell of Balcarnie announced "Paratus sum" (I am prepared), he of Glenlyon was more cautious, and published as his motto, "Quæ recte sequor" (I follow the things which are right). A neighbouring knight, Menzies of Menzies, now represented by Sir Robert Menzies, in token of friendship also replied, "Vil God I zal" (Will God I shall), and a friendly baron, Flemmyng of Moness, answered the chieftain's call with the motto "The deed will show."

Our budget of Scottish anecdote is far from exhausted; but that we may not be considered as giving undue prominence to one country, we refer to incidents of an equally interesting nature that have occurred elsewhere.

Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams-Bulkeley, M.P. for Anglesey, bears as a charge in his arms three Englishmen's heads couped, which is a direct allusion to a signal victory gained by Ednyfed Vychan, chief councillor to Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, King of North Wales, in an attack made upon the Welsh frontiers by the English army under the command of the Earl of Chester. In this action he personally killed three of the enemy's chief captains or commanders, and was in future greatly esteemed for his bravery.

A sword and a thumb, which are the arms of the Hart family, of Sligo, are traditionally supposed to have had their origin in the undermentioned circumstance. When the fleet belonging to the twelve Milesian brothers was coming abreast of land, on the north coast of Ireland, the brothers contended among themselves as to which should reign over Ireland. They unanimously agreed that whoever first touched land should be king. But as they neared the shore, Art, one of the brothers, drew his sword and cut off his thumb, and threw it with the sword upon the land. At the same time his wife threw herself overboard, swam to shore, and with her dart killed a deer as it ran by. In allusion to the latter circumstance, a female and a stag are borne as supporters.

The founder of the Fortescue family was Sir Richard Le Forte, who protected William the Conqueror at Hastings, by bearing a shield before him. From this circumstance the French word "escus" was added to the original word "forte," and Sir Richard assumed as his motto, "Forte scutum salus ducum" (A strong shield is the safe guard for leaders.)

An owl, ducally gorged, the crest of the Fowlers of Staffordshire, is said to have originated from the vigilance of Richard Fowler, of Foxley, a crusader of the time of Richard I, who on one occasion saved the Christian camp from a nocturnal surprise, and for this service received from his royal master the honour of knighthood on the field, and was also ordered to assume as his crest the vigilant owl, in lieu of a hand and lure, which he had previously borne.

Sir Stephen Richard Glynn, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, bears, as a portion of his arms, a human leg, coloured black, and couped at the thigh. This is supposed to have been borne originally from the name of their ancestor, Cilmin Dred-tu, the latter word being interpreted as the Welsh for black leg.

The Clyntons, now represented by the family of Hig-

gins, of Eastnor, were formerly large landowners and yeomen in Herefordshire. Their crest, a wheat-sheaf, and the motto, from the second Georgio of Virgil, "Patriam hinc sustinet" (Hence he sustains his country), are supposed to indicate that wheat, or agriculture, was the staff, or support, of the family.

According to the laws of heraldry, if in warfare any man take prisoner either a prince or noble, he is entitled to assume the arms of his captive, and such insignia will lawfully descend to his posterity. For illustration of this we may mention the arms of the Kynastons, who bear a red chevron on an ermine field, as descendants from Roger Kynaston, a Yorkist, who, at the battle of Bloreheath, near Drayton, county Salop, September 22nd, 1459, under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, killed Lord Audley, the Lancastrian leader. Two years later, when the Earl of March ascended the throne, he knighted Sir Roger, and assigned to him the confiscated arms of the fallen Dudley. In a similar manner, when Sir Richard Waller, one of the heroes of Agincourt, took as prisoner the Duke of Orleans, he was permitted by King Henry IV to assume, in addition to his crest, a shield of the arms of the royal prisoner. And the Holmes, of Paull-Holme, bear the arms of the King of the Scots, who in 1346 was taken prisoner by their ancestor Sir Bryan Holme.

The Grosvenor family, the head of which is the present Marquess of Westminster, were originally "Gros Veneuro," or grand huntsmen to the Dukes of Normandy, and the talbot (or dog), which they bear for a crest, was the badge and token of their office.

The origin of the three crowns borne in the arms of the Leches of Derby is thus recorded: "One of this ancient family living in Berkshire in ye time of King Edward IIIrd, entertained and feasted three kings in his house; one ye Kinge of England, ye Kinge of France, and ye Kinge of Scotts, which two kinges were at that time prisoners to Kinge Edward; whilst Kinge Edward, to requite his good entertainment and other favours, gave him three crowns, &c., which coate is borne by the name and family dispersed into many other countays."

From Llewellyn ap Ynyr (Lord of Yale) are descended the Lloyds, of Bodidris, and of Gloster, King's Co. They bear the arms of their ancestors, who shared with distinction in the victory gained against the English at Crogen (Chirk Castle) in 1115, by Owen Brogyntyn, Lord of Edeirnion, and other sons of Madoc, Prince of Powys-Fadoc, under the command in chief of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales. For his service in battle Llewellyn ap Ynyr had a grant of the township of Gelligynan, in Yale, with a coat-of-arms, conferred upon him, under the following circumstances. While in conversation with the prince, after the battle, Llewellyn accidentally drew his left hand, which was smeared with blood, across his sword, and left the marks of his four bloody fingers. The Prince, observing this, ordered that he should in future carry similar marks upon his shield.

"Jour de ma vie" (The bright day of my life), the motto of the West family, the head of which is Earl Delawarr, refers to the exploit of an ancestor who took John, King of France, prisoner at the battle of Poitiers.

As an example of modern heraldry granted for scientific attainments, we may mention the arms of Sir John Herschell, the celebrated astronomer, which are, on a mount, a representation of the forty-feet reflecting telescope with its apparatus, and the astronomical symbol of Uranus or Georgium Sidus, the crest being a terrestrial sphere, thereon an eagle with wings elevated, while the motto is "Cœlis exploratis" (Having searched the heavens).

## Varieties.

**LONDON FLOWERS AND LONDON CHURCHYARDS.**—Do not say that flowers will not come up in London—look at the window-gardens of poor people, and at the wonderful things which, despite the smoke, have been done in the different parks during the last few years. Why, all last summer and autumn there were Cannas and Sarracenias, the dwarf palm and the castor-oil plant, and many other distinguished foreigners, freely naturalizing at the corner of Rotten Row. But our thoughts are not soaring to sub-tropical or costly gardening; we speak of the common hardy annuals, which cost no more than a penny or twopence the packet, and which will, with proper care and management, turn a bare unhappy plot of London soil into a place of beauty. And everybody knows that a little labour at the rake and hoe, water now and then, and half a cart-load of gravel, or sifted shells between the beds, will render the effect of the investment splendid. You do not want a large garden to produce it; nothing is so small as not to repay care with beauty. Where nothing else will grow, scarlet runners can; and if you saw for the first time the coral flowers and broad green foliage of the "poor man's vine," how you would marvel that it could ever be a bold and vulgar thing even to allude to such a cookmaid's vegetable! Where, again, will not the nasturtium thrive, with its blossoms of golden tissue, pale or ruddy, and its great flat leaves, which love the light so much, and turn so constantly to the sun? We say—and this brings us to the point—that there is no spot, even in dingy, smoky London, where something pleasant may not be done by the help of flowers. Why, then, when we are gardening everywhere, should we forget the dismal-looking churchyards, which might so easily be made bright and cheerful? Go down the Strand, go up Drury Lane, into the City, into the suburbs, anywhere about the metropolis, and note what melancholy spots those churchyards are. At little cost and trouble we might plant flowering trees and hardy shrubs which would make every churchyard in our great city a beautiful sight instead of an eye-sore.—*Daily Telegraph*.

**PATRIOTISM AND RELIGION.**—"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of a peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."—*Washington's Farewell Address to the People of the United States*.

**HOOKEE'S DYING WORDS.**—I have lived to see that this world is made up of perturbations; and I have long been preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence towards him, and towards all men; yet if thou, Lord, shouldst be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And, therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, through his merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time, I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done! God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men; and he is at peace with me.

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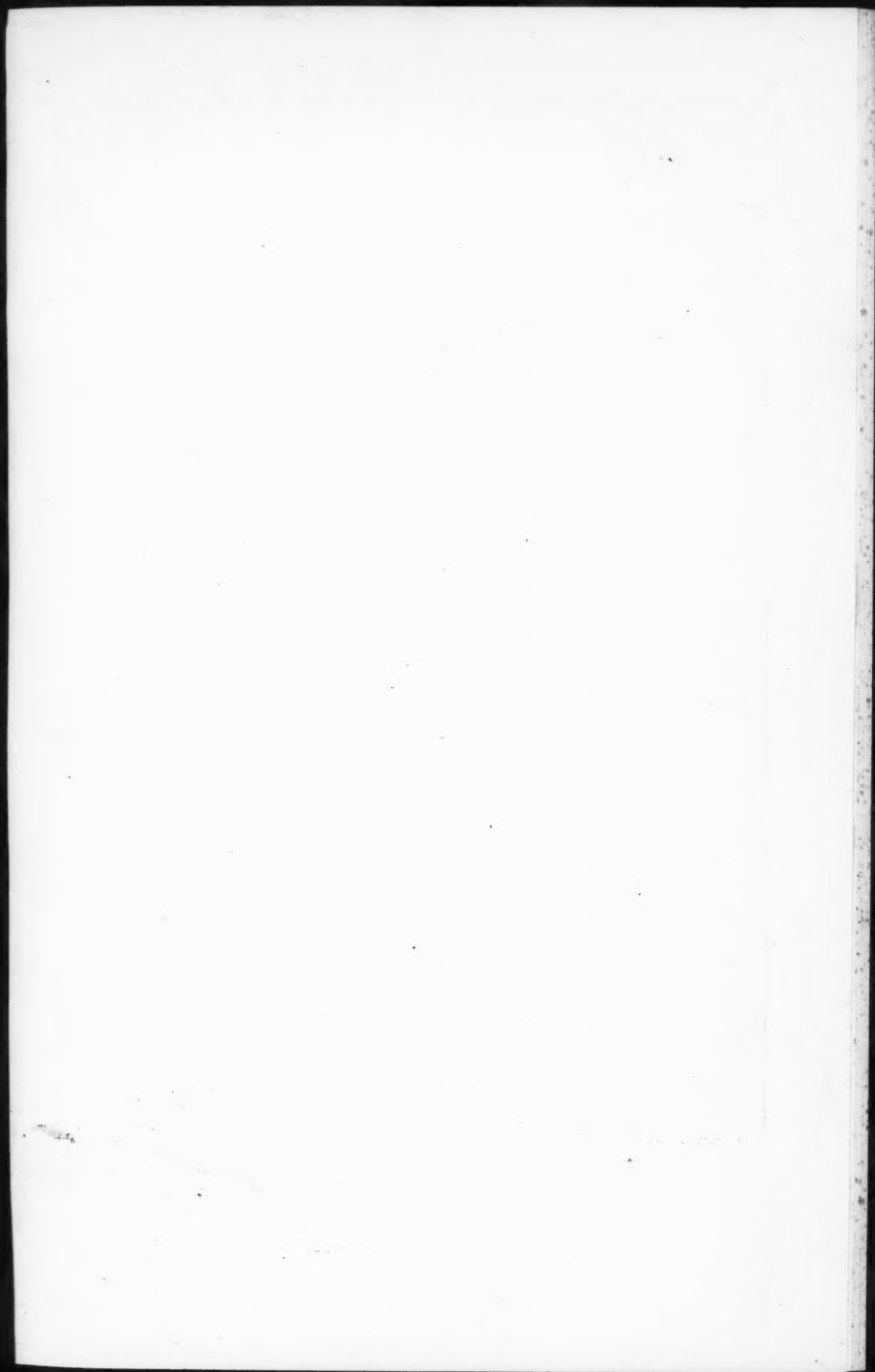
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[April 1st, 1908.]

[Leisure Hour.]



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Victoria R